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TWELVE PAGES

FRIDAY, MAY 12, 1899.

SEDITION AND TREASON INEX- CUSABLE.

Mr. Edward Atkinson, of Boston, may
mean well, but he does not seem gifted
with enough executive ability to accom-
plish his meaning, and he usually brings
himself and all the projects he favors
to grief by encumbering them with his
assistance, and embroiling them in his
personal spites. There is every reason
to believe that Mr. Atkinson is right in
opposing the territorial expansion of the
United States, as represented by the
Philippine Islands. The people of these
islands claim them, and assert that by
every tenure known to mankind, except
that of criminal aggression and the
strong hand, they are the private and
personal owners of the territory, and its
civil, political and national masters, in-
dependent of foreign intrusion and in-
terference. Mr. Atkinson agrees with
them; and so does this paper. The
Philippines have taken up arms to de-
fend their property, their liberty, their
independence, their self-government
and home-rule.—Mr. Atkinson declares
they are right and that the American
attitude of aggression, conquest and
subjugation is wrong, in which opinion
we are obliged to concur. And so on,
through all the questions raised by the
Philippine issue of human rights and
freedom as against the oppression, en-
slavement and spoliation of truculent
invasion, supported only by the ultima
ratio regum of shot and shell.

Yet we part company with Mr. Atkin-
son the moment he transfers the con-
troversy from the American forum to
the Philippine battlefield, and there
takes sides with the latter. Argument
ceases to be argument and reason be-
comes treachery, perfidy and tampering,
when they go beyond the citizen and
his ballot to the soldier and his gun in
a foreign war. In a civil war, where
all are citizens and soldiers, and the
government is the prize in contest, arms
and arguments, bullets and ballots, are
equally proper (or improper), in court
or camp; but in a conflict between dis-
tinct governments, even if one be not
recognized (and the more so for that
reason), it is particularly incumbent on
a citizen of recognized government to
maintain and observe the distinction
between the soldier, armed, enlisted,
in the field and armed for battle, and the
non-combatant citizen, free, sovereign,
regnant. The latter may argue the
war and be argued with about it; but
the former may not argue, nor be
argued with, on the field, which he is to
win and hold, or lose and abandon, by
deeds that involve nothing but physical
force, animal courage, wounds, and
may be death. To wrap our ammuni-
tion there in tracts or circulars cal-
culated to dampen our powder, or
weaken the explosion of our shells is
self-evidently treacherous, if not high
treason.

We must draw the line there, or go
over to the enemy, bag and baggage.
Grim-visaged war is not a matter of
words; and if criminal aggression and
wicked and unwise expansion are not
to be stayed by argument at the rear,
rather let us suffer silently than add
sedition and treason to the manifold
ills already afflicting the American Re-
public.

NOT A POLITICAL OR PARTY QUESTION.

The discussion of gold and silver, or
of either, as the preferable money,
coinage, currency, or standard in the
great presence of a growing and press-
ing need of money and currency of
every sort, would be ridiculous, if it
were not so cruel. It is admitted in
some money circles that there is great
lack of paper-money, in others that the

demand for legal-tenders far surpasses
the supply, and the complaint every-
where, except in the cities, is that there
is a scarcity of all money and currency
from gold to bank-notes. And the last
is a statement of fact that swallows up
all the respect, refutes prosperity, and
dares plenty of money to show it-
self.

THE VIRGINIAN-PILOT has de-
fined prosperity to be a plenty—fairly
distributed. Where, then, is prosperity?
There may be plenty in the cities, but
it is not prosperity, because it is not
fairly distributed; and such distribu-
tion, whether in money, currency, pro-
ducts, or commodities can never occur
in any city, or community, where a lo-
cal plenty exists, or is claimed, at the
expense of the general supply, or be-
cause the local bid exceeds every other;
as early strawberries not unsold at the
wharves and depots of New York, Bos-
ton, Philadelphia and other large
cities, while not a single basket can be
obtained at any price by the people
who do not live in these cities.

Prosperity is not of that sort, nor
does it come in that way; and all the
facts and figures, the exhibits of pro-
ducts received, cash paid and crates by
the thousand pitched into the river or
sea, or otherwise cleared away, prove
nothing but that luxury, extravagance
and waste may and do revel in the
midst of want, suffering and famine,
which they largely contribute to create.
Yet this is the political economy that
proves there is a super-abundance of
the necessities for which so many are
starving! this is the financiering that
establishes a plethora of gold where
nine men out of ten have not a dol-
lar or a cent in hand, and where men
do business on a gold basis, or by a
gold standard, but live only on the cop-
per basis, or by the nickel standard.

So far, however, as the people and
their exchanges and transactions are
concerned, it is now positively under-
stood that the more gold there is, in
coin and bullion, the less available
money and currency there is; for gold
does not circulate in common current
business, and if it did, it is so valuable
and so easily worn that if it make the
rich richer, it must make the poor
poorer, as they can afford no currency
that costs sixteen times more than sil-
ver, and loses more in wear and tear
than the people and their daily affairs
can stand without going into bank-
ruptcy.

What we want is not expansion of
territory, but expansion of the volume
of currency in circulation.

New York City talks of receiving Ad-
miral Dewey with a \$100 a plate dinner.
The Smithsonian Institute has a few
Roe's eggs, certified by Aladdin him-
self, that might serve to make a costly
omelet for the Admiral, though the
eggs will hardly be fresh. A bit of that
embalmed beef, too, might be costly
enough to tickle the taste of the most
fastidious multi-millionaire, who began
life by sucking a bit of salt-pork, and
now dines on the tongues of humming-
birds. Mr. Perry Belmont will please
jut up the items that go to flavor that
famous beef: So many millions of
pounds of it not embalmed enough to
keep, and thrown into the salt seas, as
an experiment; so many commissions,
witnesses, reporters and hard-swearers,
like Eagan, busy at investigating that
beef, day and night, by every means,
except smelling and eating it; and then
a miscellaneous account, including all
sorts of items and charges,—running up
the edible portion of the said beef to
about \$100 an ounce, with onions served
at the rate of a peck to the ounce of
beef.

If these suggestions be well received
by the New York Committee, as well
as the experts employed by Dewey's
friends and physicians to save him
from some new experiment in food pro-
ducts "superior to ambrosia and nec-
tar," as proved by certificates from all
who are familiar with the rations fur-
nished the gods in high Olympus, we
shall complete a meal calculated to de-
plete any purse and please any taste
that likes a full metallic flavor in its
oysters, ducks and terrapins. But the
Admiral, we hear, has some dear
friends who are left to outer darkness
and gnashing of hungry teeth, at any-
thing like a \$100 a week's board. How
about that? Suppose the old salt, who
ate his breakfast during the Manila
battle, would prefer a 50 cents break-
fast, or a 75 cents dinner, or supper?
Heh?

The trusts are a living and growing
issue in this country.—Atlanta Journal.
Our esteemed contemporary is think-
ing of the Chicago platform and not
of the facts of the times. The trusts,
so-called, are living and growing, but
as they live and grow the trust issue
dies. As the general business of the
country becomes more and more mod-
elled on trusts, the more firmly estab-
lished the system becomes, and the
broader and stronger the public inter-
est in it. The anti-trust plank in the
Chicago platform rots every day.—N. Y. Sun.

That is where the Sun does not ex-
hibit its usual acuteness in discrimi-
nating between a theory and its prac-
tical exploitation. It understands why
it is that piracy and buccaneering have
temporarily, at least, ceased in form
and operation to be the leading models
and systems of current business. Why,
therefore, does it fail to see that trusts,
in their very nature and operation, are
self-limiting concerns, whose mutual
aggressiveness and voracity must
check and restrain their growth, until
the people, tired of fighting trusts and
convinced of the temporal omnipotence
and material infallibility of trusts, cre-
ate one all absorbing trust, combining
all capital and labor and power in one
stupendous social commune, consoli-
dating all public and private interests
and energies in one huge solidarity that
shall make all competition impossible

and transmute monopoly into a com-
mon blessing by a Republic of all, by
all, in all, for all? The anti-trust plank
of the Chicago platform is the only life-
preserver now floating on the ocean of
parties, politics and popular favor that
can rescue peoples and nations from
the waves and sharks of private trusts,
and if this plank rots, there is no sal-
vation save in seizing the trusts and
their system for public and popular
benefit. Is the Sun in outer darkness?

Wisconsin has now a True marriage
license law, so-called because True is
the name of the author of the bill, and
not because the license or marriage un-
der the bill is at all likely to be more
true than such things usually are. The
bill, passed in pursuance of the sug-
gestion that more deliberation in mar-
riage is desirable—as it is said that to
marry in haste is to repent at leisure—
requires five days to elapse after the
issuance of license before the marital
ceremony can be lawfully performed.
But is it constitutional? If the law can
forbid a man and woman, or either, to
marry for five days, why not for a
longer period? And where is the limit
to be fixed and by what power? It is
a gross interference with the constitu-
tional personal rights of the parties,
and in concerns the most sacred. It
may be wise to make the engaged and
licensed lovers consider the matter for
five days, but acts, in restraint of mar-
riage, are held to be unconstitutional in
most of our States, and the power to
hold up a license for five days will
hardly be recognized as valid, if ever
brought to test.

A significant fact in all these anti-
imperial, anti-expansionist and anti-
administration mass-meetings, East,
North and West, is that they are not
Democratic demonstrations, but move-
ments inspired, led, managed, address-
ed, and principally composed of Repub-
lican and other elements usually in al-
liance with the Republican party, be-
cause they think that the strong drift
of the Republican party towards Im-
perialism will surely defeat that party
in the next Presidential election, if it
is not stayed at least temporarily till
after the Presidential election in 1900.

American liberty appears at our very
doors as a military satrap, with its
"standing army" of one hundred idle
soldiers in the time of peace.

The Republican Maltster failed to
palm off his stale ale and small beer
on Baltimore.

NOTES AND OPINIONS. THE CORPORATION CRUSHING THE INDIVIDUAL.

In the period since the war, there
have been enacted general corporation
laws, and under the provisions of these
laws corporations have been organized
throughout the land to carry on all
kinds and departments of business.
These mercantile corporations have
been in competition with individual
and partnership effort. The corpora-
tion has had greater use of capital than
the individual could have. The cor-
poration has had perpetual succession,
so that death did not interfere with its
business or its progress. It has been so
provided that the private property of
those composing the corporations has
been made wholly or partly exempt
from liability for corporate debts.
The inevitable result has been that
the corporation has distanced its com-
petitor, the individual, and gradually
forced him to retire from the field of
business, and to become a servant of
the corporation or to become a tramp.
The corporation grew and prospered
and waxed exceeding fat, while the
individual descended from the part of
master to that of servant. The creature
of legislation drove out the creature of
God. Organized wealth being the mas-
ter of legislation, became the master of
the individual.

WAYS AND MEANS.

Those who would assist in the cam-
paign of 1900 can do so by purchasing
the "Ways and Means" and the "De-
fense Fund" cigars, upon which the
Ways and Means Committee, of the
Democratic National Committee, has
a royalty by the manufacturers, C. H.
Schaeffer & Co., of Chicago, of one
cent for each ten-cent cigar sold and
one-third of a cent for each nickel ci-
gar. The flavor of these good cigars
is improved by the thought that a de-
finite proportion of their price goes
without discount into the treasury of
the National Committee. The generous
offer of the Chicago firm, whose mem-
bers are faithful bimetalists and em-
ployers of union labor, is bearing fruit.
Agents are taking hold of the work of
spreading the sale of the goods and
others are writing to headquarters for
the regular margin and smokers get
value received and quality and quan-
tity. The cause is sacred and its de-
votees very much in earnest, not only
in regard to raising money by legiti-
mate means, but also in teaching the
thoughtful and progressive voters of
the country the lessons of the perils of
the hour and the country's need. A
large sum was raised and more pledged
by the one-dollar voluntary contribu-
tions of the citizens, but more is need-
ed. It was to assist in this emergency
that the devoted Mr. Schaeffer and his
business associates arranged with the
National Committee to advance into its
treasury one cent for every "Ways and
Means" cigar and one-third of a cent
for every "Defense Fund" cigar sold.
None of these mites will miscarry, as
the committee of Ways and Means has
two of its officers sign all the labels to
be placed upon the cigar boxes, and the
money is paid over by the manufac-
turer before he can put out the goods.
This method, it will be seen, is not an
assessment, but the acceptance of a
free-will offering of a firm of enthusi-
astic bimetalists. The smoker's part
but merely to make it possible for man-
ifesting a decided predilection for
Schaeffer & Co. by donating a penny by
these campaign cigars. "I will smoke
no other until after the next presiden-
tial election," said a prominent Chicago
Democrat the other day.

NOT A SELF-MADE MAN.

"There goes the most remarkable
man in town." "What's remarkable
about him?" "He's the only successful
merchant we have who doesn't claim
to be a self-made man. He says he got
rich through the faithfulness of the
men that work for him."

VIRGINIAN-PILOT'S HOME STUDY CIRCLE

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These courses will continue until June 26th. Examinations conducted
by mail, will be held at their close as a basis for the granting of Certificates.

POPULAR STUDIES IN LITERATURE.

XII.—GRAY.
CRITICAL STUDY OF THE "ELEGY."
(Concluded.)

BY JOHN MILLAR, M. A.
(Deputy Minister of Education, Ontario,
Canada.)

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY
CHURCHYARD.

1.
The curfew tolls the knell of parting
day;
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er
the lea;
The ploughman homeward plods his
weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and
to me.

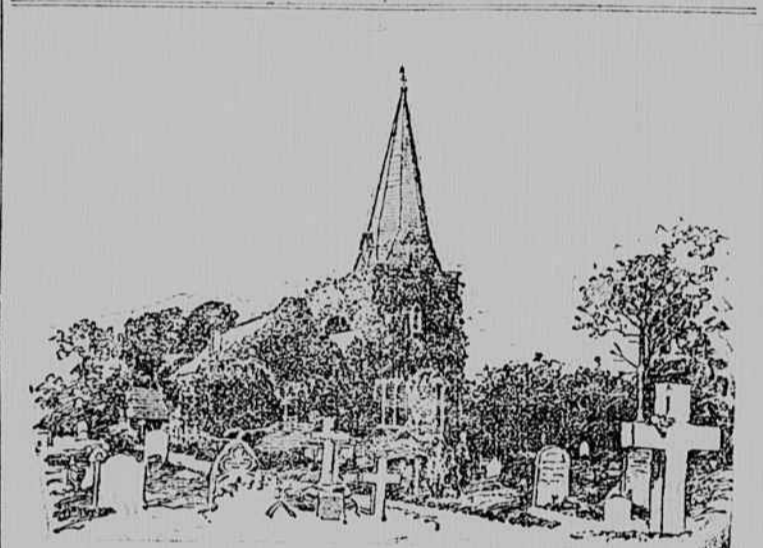
2.
Now fades the glimmering landscape on
the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness
holds;
Save where the beetle wheels his dron-
ing flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant
folds;

3.
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er
unroll;
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the
soul.

4.
Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean
bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush
unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert
air.

5.
Some village Hampten, that with
dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields with-
stood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may
rest;
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his coun-
try's blood.

6.
The applause of listening senates to
command,
The threats of pain and ruin to de-
spise;
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's
eyes.



STOKE POGIS CHURCH, WHERE THE CURFEW TOLLED THE KNELL OF
PARTING DAY.

7.
Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled
tower,
The moping owl does to the moon
complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret
bower,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

8.
Beneath these rugged elms, that yew
tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mold-
ering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet
sleep.

9.
The breezy call of incense-breathing
morn,
The swallow twittering from her
straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing
horn,
No more shall rouse them from their
lowly bed.

10.
For them no more the blazing hearth
shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening
care;
No children run to lisp their sire's re-
turn,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to
share.

11.
 Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield;
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe
has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team
afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their
sturdy stroke!

12.
Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny ob-
scure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful
smile,
The short and simple annals of the
poor.

13.
The boast of heraldry, the pomp of
power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth
e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the
grave.

14.
Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the
fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies
raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle
and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note
of praise.

15.
Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting
breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent
dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear
of death?

16.
Perhaps, in this neglected spot, is laid
Some heart once pregnant with cele-
stial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might
have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

17.
But knowledge to their eyes her ample
page,

18.
Their lot forbade, nor circumscribed
alone
Their growing virtues, but their
crimes confined;
Forbade to wide through slaughter to
a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on man-
kind;

19.
The struggling pangs of conscious truth
to hide;
To quench the blushes of ingenuous
shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and
pride
With incense kindled at the muse's
flame.

20.
Far from the madding crowd's ignoble
strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to
sue;
Along the cool sequestered vale of
life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their
way.

21.
Yet e'en these bones from insult to
protect,
Some frail memorial still erected
nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless
sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a
sigh.

22.
Their name, their years, spelt by the
unlettered muse,
The place of fame and elegy sup-
ply;
And many a holy text around she
strews,
That teach the rustic moralist
to die.

23.
For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er re-
signed,
Left the warm precincts of the cheer-
ful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look
behind?

24.
On some fond breast the parting soul
relies;
Some pious drops the closing eye re-
lieve;
E'en from the tomb the voice of na-
ture cries,
E'en from the ashes live their wonted
fires.

25.
For thee who mindful of the unhonor-
ed dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale
relate,
If chance thy lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy
fate:

26.
Haply some hoary-headed swain may
say,
"Oft have we seen him, at the peep
of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps, the dews
away,
To meet the sun upon the upland
lawn."

27.
"There, at the foot of yonder nodding
beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots
so high,

His listless length at noontide would he
stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles
by."

28.
"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in
scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he
would rove,
Now drooping, woful-wan, like one
forlorn,
Or crazed with care or crossed in
hopeless love."

29.
"One morn I missed him on the accus-
tomed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favor-
ite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was
he."

30.
"The next with dirges, in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path
we saw him borne:
Approach and read (for thou canst
read) the lay.
Graven on the stone beneath you
aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

31.
Here rests his head upon the lap of
earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame un-
known;
Fair science frowned not on his hum-
ble birth,
And melancholy marked him for her
own.

32.
Large was his bounty and his soul
sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely
send;
He gave to misery all he had—a tear;
He gained from heaven—'twas all he
wished—a friend.

33.
No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread
abode;
There they alike in trembling hope re-
pose,

The bosom of his Father and his God.
EPILOGUE OF THE "ELEGY."
In order to understand the "Elegy"
the young student should read it care-
fully several times. Its grandeur will
not be appreciated unless he enters
into the spirit of the author. It will be
seen that solemn meditations form the
principal feature of the poem. As a
suitable prelude to the poem, gives a
description (stanzas 1-3) of the church-
yard and its surroundings as they ap-
pear to him at the approach of the
shades of night. The life and fate
of the humble occupants of the grave
are stated, and the labors, joys and
sorrows which marked their
careers (7-11) referred to, while the ambi-
tious and noble are requested not to
despise their simple history. Circum-
stances alone (12-16) prevented them
from attaining these high positions of
influence for which their natural abili-
ties fitted them. Their lot also saved
them (17-19) from committing the
crimes of those occupying prominent
positions. But even they are not for-
gotten, since "frail memorials" and
rude inscriptions (20-21) show that they
are remembered by friends. This is
only evidence of the universal desire
(22-23) of mankind for immortality.
These musings lead the author to ima-
gine (24-29) what may possibly be the
thoughts of a "hoary-headed swain"
regarding his own life. The medita-
tive inquirer is directed to read the
epitaph (30-32), and with this the poem
closes.

THE SUBJECT MATTER.

The poem expresses in an exquisite
manner feelings and thoughts that are
universal. The musings are natural and
of an elevated character. The mystery
of life is solemn, awful and suggestive
of contemplation. Any one who lingers
in the precincts of death and who re-
flects on life will have feelings like
those expressed in the "Elegy." Hence
the freshness and fascination of the
poem to all persons when in a solemn
and meditative mood. There is the
broadest humanity indicated. The
thoughts are not expressed in a philo-
sophical manner, although the dignity
of the language is of the highest order.
The reflections are put in a simple,
humble and unassuming style. It will
be noticed that the poet's thoughts turn
to the poor, and he forgets the tri-
umphs of the rich. The "molding
heaps" in the churchyard bring to mind
the thought of what might have result-
ed had the "rude forefathers" been sur-
rounded by different circumstances. The
problem thus suggested is not solved by
the author, though he finds considera-
tions to mitigate the sadness that
arises. The poem has dignity, and yet
is unassuming. The reflections it produces
will appeal to the heart of every one so
long as the love of liberty and a spirit
of patriotism dominate the human race.
In spite of its finish as a work of art
there is nothing stiff or frigid in the
"Elegy." The melancholy tinge is in-
separable from the subject, and the
personal allusions in the "Epitaph" are
not out of place.

NOTES TO THE POEM.

The student not familiar with the
poem should consult a good dictionary
in order to master verbal difficulties.
It has been contended that "curfew"
was the term applied to the cover
placed over the fire, and not to the bell
rung to warn people to cover their fires
before retiring. "Parting" means here
departing. The appropriateness of
"pods" is noticeable. In the second
stanza "glimmering" it will be seen, is
a diminutive of gleam and akin to glit-
tering. "Aid" is the object of "holds."
The beginner might wrongly suppose
that it is the "aid" which holds the
"stillness." "Droning"—a buzzing, use-
less sound. "Folds"—the flocks. "Ivy-
mantled"—the tower is represented as
covered or mantled with ivy. The
lonely nature of the place is well de-
picted.

In Gray's time and long before it was
the custom to bury the well-to-do in-
side the church, and hence the author
refers only to the outside in stanza 4.
"Rude" here means simply uneducated.
"The breezy call," etc.—this stanza (5)
is one of the most striking of the poem.
Notice the sound and significance of the
words. "Lowly bed" does not refer to
the grave. It will be well for the stu-
dent to compare the sentiment of the
next stanza (6) with that of Burns'
"Cotter's Saturday Night." Notice how
well the poet refers to four duties of
the peasants in the seventh stanza.
"The boast," etc.—this has been con-
sidered the finest stanza in the poem.
It is said Gen. Wolfe repeated the
"Elegy" the night before the capture of
Quebec. What a mournful meaning at
be the author of that poem than take
Quebec. What a mournful morning at
the time must have had the words "The
paths of glory lead but to the grave."
In the tenth stanza the choice of lan-
guage is especially in keeping with the
solemnity of the subject. "Trophies"
has here its primary meaning and sig-
nifies monuments of an enemy's defeat.
"Fretted" is an architectural term and
has reference to small fillets intersect-
ing each other at right angles.

In stanza 11 the term "storied urn"
refers to the custom of the ancient
Greeks and Romans, who used to burn
their dead and place the ashes in urns,
(Continued on Fifth Page.)